

# DEAFMUTE'S JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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VOLUME LII

**RECOMMEND YOUR BANK**  
We all have heard of "many a true word spoken in jest." It is always well to leave the substantial truth with the yeast of humor—so we suggested to our good friend Mr. Gilligan, that he write for us an original drollery which would embody the spirit of truth—Editor's Note.

You say: "Go see old Doctor Squills; He is my favorite physician. He serves the potentest of pills, And diagnoses your condition. If you are curable at all,

He'll patch your lights or spleen or liver. If Squills your malady can't call You'd just as well go seek the river."

You say: "When you're in need of plumbing, Don't let just any bloke assist you. Let Wrenchy 'mid your pipes go slumming—

Among his friends he'll soon enlist you. He can out-plumb the other guys As sure as gins are made of metal,

And he will give you glad surprise When comes the time that you should settle."

Then why, while you are recommending, Do you not recommend your banker? He would appreciate befriending—

It would not 'rouse his ire or rancor. Say to your friends who would be patrons Of some financial house or other:

"I recommend to men and matrons MY bank—twill save unease and bother!"

—The Signal.

**A Quarter's Worth of Experience**

The sixty-mile spring gale, while had blown steadily for seven hours, and which had then ceased almost as abruptly as it had begun, damaged more than two hundred roofs in the town of Hinkson. From a few houses the entire roof was gone, but in most cases the damage ranged from small holes to openings several feet wide where the shingles were ripped off as if by the hand of a giant. Every available carpenter in the town and many persons who were not carpenters were put to work to repair the roofs to prevent further damage by rain.

The summer before, Lon Cowden had been a carpenter's helper for two months and could nail on shingles fairly well. When he was offered a dollar an hour to go out into the country a mile or two and repair the roof of a big hay barn he did not hesitate long before accepting the job. Not many boys of nineteen years were able to earn so much as that.

The barn stood in the middle of a meadow almost a mile from the house and half as far from the road. It had a moderately steep shingle roof, and from the eaves to the ground was a drop of twenty-two feet. Fifty tons of baled hay were stored in the barn at the time of the high wind, and now, if the rain should come, the half a dozen gaping holes and the numerous small leaks in the roof would let in enough water to spoil many of the bales.

When the man who had brought out the shingles and a long ladder drove away Lon was left alone. From some material at hand he made a light roof ladder ten or twelve feet long and nailed a stout block across one end so that it would hook over the comb of the roof and lie flat. He could shift the ladder easily from one place to another; and it would support his weight quite as well as cleats nailed to the roof.

During the forenoon he worked at repairing some holes near the eaves that he could reach with the aid of his long ladder. Just after noon he carried his roof ladder up and, pushing it along the shingles, hooked it securely over the ridge. Then he carried up an armful of shingles and soon had the first jagged hole neatly mended. When he needed to shift the roof ladder he would climb to the peak, draw the ladder up and creep along with one knee on each side of the tin ridge roll; and, rather than lose time in making frequent trips for shingles, he took as many as he could carry under one arm and, balancing the ladder on the smooth ridge roll, pushed it along with his hand.

While he was making his third or fourth move, with his right arm crooked over a load of loose shingles and his left hand pushing the ladder in front of him on the ridge roll, the ladder caught on a rough seam in the tin. Lon at once lost his balance and, instinctively dropping the shingles and the ladder, grasped at the ridge to save himself. Fifty shingles make a pretty large pile when scattered, and all that Lon was carrying had fallen right in front of him. When he grabbed for the comb his fingers clutched only sliding

shingles, and he slid with them. He clutched again, frantically, and, although this time his fingers touched the bare roof, they were several inches from the peak. He was sliding toward the eaves, and there was nothing to stop him. And from the eaves to the ground was a drop of twenty-two feet!

A bag of oats thrown on a moderately sloping roof will be likely to remain there, held in place by friction, whereas a smooth stick or an iron bar thrown on the same roof will be likely to slide off at once. Lon remembered the fact and had the presence of mind to turn on his back, throw out his arms and relax. He slipped perhaps a yard farther and then stopped. His head was several feet from the peak; his feet were pointed toward the eaves; and he felt as if something no stronger than the merest thread were holding him. To move or to become rigid would start him to sliding again. Indeed, had the roof been a little steeper, he would not have stopped in the downward plunge. Only with great effort was he able to remain still while he tried to think of a possible way to save himself.

He started to call for help, but as he took a breath his body stiffened, and he felt himself slipping ever so little. His effort to shout ended in a gasp. It seemed to him that the pounding of his heart was enough to jar his body and start him to sliding again, and in spite of the cool bracing air of early spring drops of perspiration rolled down the sides of his face. He wondered how long he could hold his position; certainly not long enough for help to arrive. Indeed, it should come by some happy chance. The owner of the barn would probably not come until the following day, and his own folks, Lon knew, would not miss him until after nightfall. At sundown when the air became cooler he would begin to shiver, and then—he dared not think of what might happen then. Moreover, to lie there helpless, even for an hour, and think of the fate that awaited him was more than he could endure. He tried to get his mind on other things for a few moments. He looked upward at a fleecy cloud flying across the blue sky, at a crow flapping awkwardly against the white cloud. Looking downward he saw cattle eating peacefully at a haystack in a near-by field. Sounds from the distant bustling town and the occasional honk of an automobile on the road came to him only faintly. His panic gradually left him; his heart no longer pounded against his ribs; soon he could think clearly.

For a few minutes he kept his mind on his work and thought of the holes he had already patched. Almost all of them were on the opposite side of the roof; the side on which he was lying was in good condition. He wondered why that was so? Oh, to be sure, it was because the wind had come from the opposite direction. He wished there were holes within reach of his hands; then he would get himself out of his predicament in jiffy.

After such a wind he thought there must be loose shingles and ran his hands eagerly over the roof a little way on both sides of him. In his eagerness he forgot for a moment and moved; instantly his body began to slip. When he let his arms fall and relaxed as he had done before he did not stop; for this part of the roof was smoother than the part above it. He was on his way toward the fatal plunge!

Although Lon's heart gave a painful thump he did not lose his wits. He held his hands at his sides, with the palms flat on the roof, and his fingers caught at the butt of each shingle as they passed slowly over it. Sun and rain had warped the shingles of the old roof so that now they did not lie flat as they had lain at first. Lon's left hand came into contact with a shingle the butt of which was raised, and in a moment his fingers slipped beneath it, and he was gripping it against his palm. Slight as his grasp was, it was enough to stop him, and again he lay still, hardly daring to breathe. His safety depended on his holding the butt of the shingle, but he knew that he could not hold it for long.

Working his other hand farther from his body, he found another shingle the butt of which was slightly raised; he forced his fingers under

it, and the slight grip relieved the strain on his left hand.

Now he worked the fingers of his left hand back for a better grip and discovered that the shingle wobbled, as if only one nail held it; possibly the others had rusted through. If the shingle should slip out, he would again begin to slide toward the ground. But into his mind flashed a more hopeful idea than that. If the shingle were loose, might he not break a hole in the roof?

Taking a firmer hold with his right hand, he found that he could support himself by that hand alone—which would leave his left hand free. He did not dare try to reach into his pocket for his knife; so, still careful not to move more than his wrist and hand, he worked with his fingers. He pried up a corner of the weather-beaten shingle, which split where it was nailed; the two parts slid down and bounded off at the leaves.

But shingles overlap two thirds of their length, so that there are at least three thicknesses of shingle on almost every part of a roof. Lon literally clawed out pieces of two shingles on the next course beneath.

Now there was only one shingle between him and the sheathing; but he must go lower on the roof to get his fingers under the butt of the shingle. Letting his body sag a little on the left side, he reached the butt and got his fingers under it. Now he was ready for the upward pull that would break out the last shingle and reveal a small patch of the bare sheathing and a crack into which he should be able to thrust his entire arm.

At the first upward pull he realized that he was drawing himself downward and breaking the hold of the other hand. Already his right arm ached with the strain; it had been deprived of at least half its strength when he had crooked it at the elbow in order to let his body down a trifle. Then fingers that gripped the butt were without feeling.

There was no time now to think of another way of saving himself even if there had been hope of finding one. Within a few minutes his hold would break whether he moved or not. Every muscle of his body was tense with the strain. Well, he should have to risk some thing and act quickly. With a sudden pull he tore out the remaining shingle. The effort broke the grip of his right hand, and he started to slip again. With his left hand he reached up to the place where the thin edge of the last single had been and, feeling the narrow sheathing board, thrust his hands through the three-inch crack above it. His fingers closed over the edge of the board just as his feet came within a few inches of the eaves!

Lon swung his right hand up beside his left, and, now that he had a firm hold, lay there for awhile, face downward on the roof, panting from the nerve-racking experience of the last few minutes. Then by tearing off more shingles he made "steps" and climbed them to the peak. In a few minutes he had recovered his roof ladder and was back at work, determined to be more careful in the future.

"You can take off two bits for fifteen minutes I lost the first day," Lon explained when the owner of the barn was about to pay him for the completed job. "I guess the experience was worth that to me, but I wouldn't have another like it. No, sir, not at any price!" —High F. Grimstead in *Youths Companion*.

## Diocece of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WILHILDIN, General Missionary, 2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Mount St.

### SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Service, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Service, 3:15 P.M.

Forth Sunday, Litany, or Anti-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Anti-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except October, July and August, 8 P.M.

Frances S. Paul Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 1 P.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

## Roosevelt's Advice to Boys

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy, as a rule, work means study. Of course there are occasional brilliant successes in life where a man has been worthless as a student when a boy. To take these exceptions as examples would be as unsafe as it would be to advocate blindness because some blind men have won undying honor by triumphing over their physical infirmity and accomplishing great results in the world.

Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference in studying are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course as a boy grows older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart in them. I do not believe in mischief doing in school hours or in the kind of animal spirit that results in making bad scholars; and I believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play outside of school will not find any need for horse-play in school. While they study, they should study just as hard as they play football in a match game. It is wise to obey the good old adage, "Work while you work; play while you play."

A coward who will take a blow without returning it is a contemptible creature; after all, he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who does not stand up for what he deems right against the sneers of his companions who are themselves wrong. Ridicule is one of the weapons of wickedness, and it is sometimes incomprehensible how good and brave boys will be influenced for evil by the jeers of associates who have no one quality that calls for respects, but who affect to laugh at the very traits which ought to be peculiarly the cause for pride.

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## St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., President-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Mrs. Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.

Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.

Evening Prayer, 8:00 P.M.

Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

You are cordially invited and urged to attend. Tell and bring your friends.

## Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House, 533 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.

Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

## SERVICES.

Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.

Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 8:00 P.M.

Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.

ALL THE DRAFT CORIDALLY INVITED.

and if he does not use his strength on the side of decency, justice and fair dealing.

In short, in life, as in a football game the principle to follow is:

Hit the line hard, don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard.—*The American Boy*.

## The Dayton (O.) Baseball Club

The Dayton Silent Baseball Club is very much alive, and is receiving favorable mention from all the Sporting Editors in the vicinity.

A large room above the Apollo Theatre Building on South Main Street has been rented until the first of June, when the headquarters will be moved to a still better location in a new office building now nearing completion.

Manager Hatfield and his backer, Mr. Weston, mean business and are prepared to provide jobs with industrial firms in Dayton for all players who make the team, and also for players who come near to making it. Games will be played every Saturday and Sunday, and this will mean extra money in each player's pocket. The Dayton Chamber of Commerce is alive to this matter and it will not hesitate to promote the team's interests after it proves itself to be a winning combination.

Above all things, it really gives him great pleasure to mention that the Anti-Auto bill for the Deaf of this state was recently dismissed after a very brief discussion and that the Deaf still have the privilege of driving their automobiles.

But they were admonished to be on the lookout for the appearance of the Anti-Auto bill at the Legislature every two years and were also advised to have ready cash on hand for future emergencies. Free from all doubts and worries over the bill, the Silent Californians are rejoicing over the recent dismissal and can use their automobiles. They will hereafter be firm in their determination to show the hearing people what careful and skillful drivers they are. No more gloom among the deaf of this state at this present writing.

For a few days Los Angeles was again threatened with heavy downpour, since which we have been having nice weather and are still having the same. It seems as if we would not have any more rain, as spring is at hand. But we are sometimes fooled by the weather, though it is not at all changeable.

There was a little article in the last issue of the JOURNAL written by Mrs. G. Deliglio which slightly criticized the Los Angeles Speedway as to her being a webfoot. Being a resident of Portland, Oregon, she is still nicknamed a "webfoot," even if she was called other than

## Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1923.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb) at W. 165th Street and Franklin Avenue, New York City, is issued every Thursday. In this best paper for deaf-mutes published, it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$2.00  
To Canada and Foreign Countries, 2.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, guarantees of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Note concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

In a recent issue of the *Gazette des Sourds-Muets*, of Paris, France, Mr. Henri Gaillard, its editor, dispenses some information concerning the celebrated artist brothers, Valentine and Ramon de Zubiaure.

These two Spanish deaf-mute artists have made a great reputation as painters, and during January of this year exhibited at the Gabrie Georges Petit, 8 Rue Seze, near the Madeline, in Paris. As a result of this exhibition the Museum at Tokio, Japan, purchased two of their canvases.

Mr. Gaillard writes: "We just returned from viewing this exhibition, of which all the critics have spoken with praise. Let us express our joy in the success of these two talented friends, whose deafness has not deterred them from taking their place in the foremost ranks of contemporary artists."

The Zubiaure brothers already have artistic productions in the Luxembourg and Louvre, and also in Buenos Aires, South America. And we believe two or more examples of their genius are hung in the Art Institute in Chicago, Illinois.

Many of the deaf of this country, who attended the World's Congress of the Deaf at Paris in the year 1912, met and became acquainted with the Zubiaure brothers, and all will rejoice at their increasing fame, as they are personally fine looking young men, of refined and courteous bearing, and altogether unassuming and modest gentlemen.

The following press dispatch went the rounds of the newspapers, and is in no way creditable to the deaf.

AUSTIN, TEX., March 4.—Amid silence except for the crashing of broken glass and furniture, scores of deaf-mutes staged a riot in the State School for Deaf here last night. Several students were injured.

The first impression of the general public on reading such a paragraph as printed above, is that the "deaf and dumb" were made angry at some real or fancied wrong and became a frenzied, unreasoning mob, and didn't know any better than to take revenge upon inanimate things. Whatever the provocation, they were not justified in taking the law into their own hands. There are remedies other than anarchistic. Intelligent minds do not resort to smashing things, as that helps no one. To attempt to cure their troubles by brute force only puts upon them the brand of ignorance and unreasoning.

The JOURNAL regrets this disgraceful occurrence very much, as its widespread publicity hurts to a greater or less extent all others handicapped by the loss of hearing.

A BRONZE TABLET in memory of its late superintendent, William C.

McClure, was formally unveiled at the Missouri Institution at Fulton. The ceremonies were quite impressive, and included addresses by Superintendent Tillinghast, and Rev. Dr. Crossfield, president of Wood College. With his cadets standing at salute, Major Vernon S. Birck unveiled the tablet. Mr. McClure was one of the youngest of educational heads at our schools for the deaf and gave promise of a brilliant and successful career, which was cut short by death last summer.

## CHICAGO.

Out of the night that covers me  
Black as the *lax crooks* sell for "coal,"  
Comes a news-item all may see—  
That bringeth sunshine to the soul;  
For Kernal Smith, who has command  
Of our State school in Jacksonville,  
Desireth to understand  
They'll teach the COMBINED SYSTEM still,

The Combined System seems safe at our State school! Fears of Illinois silent-fears engendered by the appointment last summer as principal of Tunis V. Archer, reputed a staunch *Plu pure OraList*—have been dissipated by the following official announcement of Col. Oscar C. Smith, managing officer of the State school, as printed in the *Illinois Advance*:

"In view of the fact that there is a nation-wide discussion as to the best methods of instruction of the deaf, and those interested in the work are anxious to know what is going to happen in this school, I feel that I should make a statement as to my ideas on this subject."

"While I have been engaged in this work less than two years, I have given the above subject considerable thought. I have read everything I could find on the subject, and have visited various schools where oral methods are said to be used exclusively, and other schools where the manual method is being used in connection with the oral method.

"I am firmly convinced that as far as the Illinois School for the Deaf is concerned there is nothing better to be done than to continue the combined method. I feel that every deaf child should be given an opportunity to learn speech and lip reading. I do not believe, however, that all deaf children can do so. In order to make oral instruction possible, children who are being so instructed must necessarily be segregated from children who use finger spelling and signs, as it is absolutely impossible to prevent them from taking up finger spelling and signs if they associate with those who use them. Therefore it is an impossibility to make the Illinois School for the Deaf an oral school, because of the lack of separate buildings that would be necessary in such an effort."

"It would also take many years—probably twenty-five years—to convert this school into a purely oral school, if that could be done at all. I do not believe that it could be done, when it is taken into consideration that this is a State School, where we cannot select the pupils that attend, but must take all kinds of deaf children. The problem of mental capacity is a serious one in this school, as it has been the custom to send every deaf child here, regardless of his or her mental capacity.

"There seems to be an underecurrent of anxiety on the part of many persons interested in this school as to what my attitude is on this subject. It has come to me from various sources that this anxiety has been increased by the employment of Prof. T. V. Archer as principal of the school. I wish to say to all concerned that I do not know what the reputation of Prof. Archer is on the subject of methods of instruction, but I do know that when he was employed he understood definitely that this was a combined school and that it was to continue as such. Since he has been here all of the deaf teachers have told me they were very much pleased with him. All of the hearing teachers who advocate finger spelling and signs have nothing but praise for him, as well as those who believe the oral method to be the better. So no one need fear any change on account of his employment."

"I desire it to be understood that as long as I am Managing Officer of this school, I alone with the consent of the Department of Public Welfare will mold the policy of the School. My policy at this time, and as far ahead as I can see now, is to maintain the combined school. Of course I am not committing myself to that policy without any reservation, because if at any time in the future I should become thoroughly convinced that the school should be changed and I could secure the appropriation necessary for the building of additional dormitories, school rooms and dining room, I would not hesitate to make the change, but I do not anticipate that that time will come during my tenure of office as Managing Officer of this school."

"O. C. SMITH,  
Managing Officer."

We have one less worry to bring down our gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Sound the glad cymbals; beat the tom-toms: God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world.

The Rev. James H. Cloud—who certainly ought to know, since he was principal of it for some thirty years up to last fall—writes to correct the statement in this column recently that Bob MacGregor found the Gallaudet Day School in St. Louis. "It was founded by the late Delos Simpson full ten years before our friend MacGregor attached his autograph to the pay roll," states the president of the Nad.

This misinformation was gleaned from an old time Chicago resident, not from the grim MacGregor himself; and is hereby corrected. Nor did MacGregor announce an interesting and pertinent fact omitted in this column: that he was elected the first president of the N. A. D.—a position now held by this same Dr. Cloud. Their life-horoscopes converge and diverge with striking similarity.

Ever see a deaf man with an impediment in his speech?

No joke.  
Behold Chester C. Codman.

They amputated half of the index finger of his left hand March 9th. It is definitely asserted no further amputations will be necessary.

This is a signal triumph for medical progress. When Codman was infected with blood poison last fall—starting from a little scratch received at work in the local Ford plant—he was treated for many weeks at the Washington Park Hospital. The hospital medics are reported to have advocated amputation of most of the hand and arm, but the expert retained by the Ford Company rigidly held out against this extreme. Sure enough, his judgment was vindicated, for Codman eventually recovered and returned to work. Several weeks of work proved the joint of the index finger would always be so stiff as to interfere with whatever he does, hence the operation.

The great Codman—some two decades ago King pin of Chicago, a position similar to that now held by Gibson—is o. k., and there is great rejoicing among the remnants of the faithful.

"Gran'maw" Minnie Sullivan is back after a winter spent in Hollywood as guest of Mrs. Charney, step mother of Lon Chaney, the movie star. "Gran'maw" lost several pounds of adipose tissue she could very well spare, but brought back a coat of tan like a beach guard. Chances are she will sell out and move off to California in the fall—another case of "Goodby, Chicago."

The Rev. C. W. Charles, of Columbus, preached on "Spiritual Athletes" at All Angels', March 14th. During his two days here he was the guest of Rev. Flick.

Morton Henry is supremely happy. So happy he has even started scribbling what he fondly hopes may prove a "poem." 'Cause why? 'Cause the State of Indiana has purchased 2000 acres of the Dunes to be preserved as a State park.

A man named Favorite—an old Chicago favorite was Favorite—who has been working in Chuster, Indiana, for several years, has secured a job at Weber's Wagon Works here, whither his family will follow anon.

Mrs. John Purdum is quarantined in the new Oak Park cottage with a case of Diphtheria. Mother came to keep her quarantine (better word than companionship, ain't it soony?) while Johnnie himself resumes the lorn and lonesome existence he enjoyed in the days he was free and frolicsome.

Dates ahead: March 24—Passeance at Pas. 31—Lecture by C. S. Morrison, ex-supt. of Mo., at Pas. April 28—Penny Carnival and Box Social by Cad, at All Angels'.

THE MEAGHERS.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Stephen Esser, of Kutztown, Pa., whose serious injury by a fall down the cellar stairs in his home was reported by us in the previous JOURNAL, passed away in a Reading Hospital, as the direct cause of an attack of pneumonia some time in the week following March 3d. A nephew looked after his remains. Further details are lacking.

The following is taken from the *North American*, of March 5th, 1923:

"A sign and lip service for mutes of the Lutheran faith was conducted yesterday by the Rev. Howard E. Snyder in the parish house of the Church of the Holy Communion, 2111 Sansom Street. There were about fifty persons present.

"Mr. Snyder, who is pastor of Christ Lutheran Church, at Chestnut Hill, is an expert in the lip and sign language. He conducted this service, in which both sermon and prayers were delivered in the language of the mutes."

From the above it will be seen that a move is on foot to start a Mission here for deaf people of the

Lutheran Faith. These people have as much right to maintain their Faith and hold services as any other denomination. We believe, however, that there is hardly any need for such a Mission in this city where there are already three divisions of the deaf people—Catholic, Episcopal and Hebrew; but, reading the news item between the lines, it looks more like an attempt to segregate the oral graduates from the manual grad-

this city for an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Rigg, of Elizabeth, N. J., visited Philadelphia at the last week end, and returned home the following Sunday evening.

At Morris Run, Tioga Co., Pa., February 28th, Thomas E. Lewis died of Pneumonia. He is survived by his wife and six children, also William E. Lewis, of Morris Run, Tioga Co., Pa.; Henry E. Lewis, of New Mexico, and three sisters, Mrs. Catherine Riegel, of Riegelsville; Mrs. Eliza Parfitt, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Annie Gleason, of Scranton, Pa.

Mrs. S. O. Honsermyer, of York, Pa., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reidier, for a couple of weeks.

She came down on the special excursion on March 11th last, on which were two deaf-mutes, Mr. J. Markel and Mr. Emmanuel Bentzel.

Mrs. Anna D. Murray, a sister of our James L. Patterson, died on February 26th, 1923, and was buried on March 1st, at West Laurel Hill Cemetery. She had been bedridden for several months with a complication of diseases. On the day of her death Mr. Patterson also received word of the death of his aunt, Mrs. Kate L. Stephenson, of Alex, Illinois, on February 22d. James has our sympathy on his double bereavement.

March 17, '23—If there are any deaf draughtsmen looking for a job,

the Surveyor of Jefferson County, Ohio, has an opening for three, so he wrote us, asking if we could supply them. He has one deaf man, Leon Moreland, a graduate of the Ohio School, employed in his office. The surveyor's address is J. N. Leech, County Surveyor, Steubenville, Ohio.

We were informed Thursday day that John M. Brown, of Thurston, Ohio, had been injured on a railroad track, near Pleasantville, Wednesday. It is not known how seriously. He runs a shoe shop in Pleasantville, going there from his home in the morning and returning in the evening, a distance of about two and one-half miles.

The House Finance Committee with their clerks and some friends visited the school Thursday noon. They first witnessed the pupils marching into the dining room and declared it interesting to see over 500 pupils keeping time to the beat of the drum as they marched to their respective tables and standing until after grace was said. They also saw the menu, and it was the regular one for the day—roast beef, mashed potatoes, gravy, bread and butter. From here the visitors were conducted to the domestic science department in the school building, where they partook of a dinner prepared by the young girls of the class under the direction of their teacher, Miss Hoover, and we are sure they did justice to it, for the dinners the girls get up are always of a tempting and appetizing kind. After it they were shown through the Art room presided over by Artist Mr. Zell. They were agreeably surprised at the fine work done by the pupils, for really there are some pretty specimens of drawings to be seen there.

The game was fast throughout the entire forty minutes of play, both teams presenting a five-man defensive, forcing the forwards to do their shooting from a long range.

The first six minutes of play was devoid of scoring, so well were the shooters guarded. Then Baldwin of Kansas registered a goal from the center of the floor. A free throw by Brown added another point. Four minutes more of hard battling prevented either team from scoring, but the Reider-Hagen combination got under way at this juncture and scored two field goals in rapid succession, putting the Iowans in the lead. They increased this advantage when Thompson sunk one a moment later. Brown scored a free throw for Kansas.

First on the program was Current Events, which were given by Mr. James F. Brady in his usual spicy way; next Messrs. John A. Roach and Joseph V. Donohue gave a dialogue whose intent was to present the humorous side of married life; but, as neither of the speakers has had any practical experience of that kind, they were themselves made the butt of humorous comments from the audience.

Mrs. A. S. McGhee followed with a most admirable declamation of "The Curfew shall not ring to night," and it really did not ring until about midnight; Mr. Charles Schragel, a rising star among our Hebrew deaf, also declaimed "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in such a way as to win great applause; then came a debate on the question, "Resolved, That the Railroads should be owned by the Government."

Mr. R. Reed Robertson upheld the affirmative side as best he could in the short time allotted to each side, and Mr. Jas. S. Reider did the same. The judges, who were Mrs. Lucy M. Sanders, Mr. Wm. L. Davis and Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., decided in favor of the negative side.

The last feature of the program was recitations, a prize of one dollar being offered for the funniest story. The judges, who were Mr. James Foster, Mrs. Minnie M. Troup and Mrs. S. C. Housermeyer (Mr. and Mrs. Reider's daughter), awarded the prize to Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett.

A social followed during which light refreshments were dispensed for a nominal price, and on the whole a most enjoyable evening was passed.

Mr. J. F. Brady, who, by reason of residing in New Jersey, an "occasional" at our entertainments, declared that this was the best entertainment given by the deaf that he had attended in a long time, and he hoped that due effort would be made to make future entertainments as interesting and enjoyable.

The proceeds of the above entertainment will be entirely allotted to the Fire-escape Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, which, being a worthy object, probably accounted for the excellent support and patronage given by the deaf without regard to creed. For this, we, as one, feel thankful to all.

The Rev. Mr. Danzler baptized the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis William Luce, last Sunday, March 11th, 1923. The baby received the father's name, Francis William Luce. The baptism was at the Rector.

Miss Louise K. Hoge, of Virginia, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Patterson, in Mt. Airy. She used to attend the Mt. Airy School when very young and afterwards the Staunton School.

Mr. Eugene McCarty went to Ocean City last February 18th, for a week and a half. While there she was taken suddenly sick, and brought to St. Mary's Hospital in

## OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 393 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

kept in a small pan of water, and Mr. Fryfogel hopes later to transfer them to a fountain when the weather becomes warmer.

A. B. G.

## CALIFORNIA

Thomas and Penlie McRitchie Bradshaw are settled in a pretty stone bungalow in the north part of Santa Barbara. They bought an old house, with the furniture thrown in, for \$3,000, and sold it later for \$4,000, taking the furniture out. The new place is steadily rising in value, and they can sell it for five figures. Thomas has a steady position in a mill, and the son is a hustling real estate salesman. They came from Canada, where they attended the school for the deaf at Belleville, Ontario, and later farmed in Saskatchewan.

Norman Lambert is still ranching near Summerland. He is a catch that ought never to have been overlooked.

Miss Lizzie L. Dunn, of Indiana, later of Columbus, Ohio, brought here by the Plumb M. Park in the eighties, is still maid of all work for a rich Montecito family. In her vacations she has traveled and seen sights like a cosmopolitan. She has been saving her wages for the proverbial rainy day, which must be Californiaized as drouthy or freezing.

Daniel Robles is man of all work for a lemon rancher. He attended the California School for the Deaf a few months, but was barred when he was discovered to have normal hearing. He has had a stormy life. In the pre-prohibition days he was a terror when crossed, and it took half a dozen police-men and more to subdue him. He is very observant and absorbing and has mechanical ability. He may marry a Los Angeles Spanish woman.

Warren Lacy Waters, of the Hartford, Ct., School for Deaf and Gallaudet College, is still living at Santa Barbara. Miss Louise Robles still keeps house for the widower.

# NEW YORK.

## DETROIT.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postcard is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Greater N. Y. Branch of the N. A. D. was held at the Wadleigh High School, 114th Street near 7th Avenue, on Monday evening, February 26th. Mr. Marcus L. Kenner presided, Mr. Jack Ebin acting as Secretary pro tem.

As an interesting coincidence, it might be well to remark that this was the fifth consecutive time that it rained; in addition there was another counter attraction, all of which served to diminish the average attendance.

The main business of the evening was the report of the Re-Organization Committee, headed by Mr. Kenner, which announced that up to date nine organizations among the fourteen odd locals have sent in their acceptance of the tentative plan, designed to increase the efficiency of the N. A. D. Branch.

It is expected that a meeting of the accredited delegates will be called shortly and details arranged so that a definite working plan will be submitted to the membership at the next quarterly meeting in May.

The following, taken from the New York Herald of March 15th, relates to the father of Miss Adrienne Foussadier, a deaf mute, who is also a tapestry weaver.

Jean Foussadier, aged 80, a pioneer weaver of tapestry by hand in this country, died yesterday in his home in Willet Avenue, The Bronx. He was a native of France, but came to America with his family in 1893. One of two tapestries which he produced soon after his arrival here is in the Field Museum in Chicago. A statue of a French soldier which he brought over with him stands at Williamsbridge, marking the site where the first hand-woven tapestry was produced in the United States.

Rev. Arthur H. Judge, D.D., preached the sermon at the afternoon service at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes last Sunday, his text being St. Luke 8:25. Miss V. B. Gallaudet interpreted it very lucidly and impressively in the sign language. There was a good-sized congregation. The service was conducted by Rev. John H. Kent, and the hymns were gracefully signed by a choir composed of Misses Florence Lewis, Anna M. Klaus, Eleanor E. Sherman, Elsie Grossman, Mabel Hall, Wanda Makowska, Keith W. Morris, as lay reader, made the responses. All were glad to meet Rev. Dr. Judge, as his devotion to the interests of St. Ann's is well known.

Mrs. Leah Marks, 56 years old, of 442 Kosciusko Street, Brooklyn, died in the Bushwick Hospital, after she had been run down at Lafayette and Lewis Avenues, Brooklyn, last Friday. The driver was taken to the Gates Avenue Police Station and released after he had explained that Mrs. Marks had her umbrella up and walked directly in the path of the car.

Mrs. H. Friedman (nee Fannie Kromholz) died on March 2d, of the "flu." She was married only sixteen months ago and was a young woman of amiable disposition and more than ordinary intelligence. Her death is mourned by many friends.

Mr. Clarence A. Boxley and family, of Newark, N. J., have rented a suite of rooms in Grace Court, Lansburgh section of Troy, New York, and will occupy it on May 1st.

John W. Pratt, of Brooklyn, whose life was despaired of a few months ago, was at St. Ann's Church last Sunday, looking somewhat thinner, but apparently in good health.

Hannah Edith Norman, beloved mother of Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner (nee Dore Norman) passed away on Monday, March 12th.

### Resolution of Sympathy.

The American Society of Deaf Artists tenders to Miss Adrienne Foussadier, a member of the organization, the following resolution.

*Resolved*, That the sympathy of the members be tendered to her in her bereavement over the loss of her father.

That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to her by the secretary, and that it be suitably inscribed on the minutes of the society.

LLOYD HUTCHISON, Secretary.

JACQUES ALEXANDER, President.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

Rev. T. H. Acheson, Pastor.

Mrs. J. M. Keith, Mute Interpreter.

Sabbath School—10 A.M.

Sermon—11 A.M.

Prayer meeting on first Wednesday evening of each month at 7:45 P.M.

Everybody Welcome.

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Catherine Davison, reside in Talent, Oregon. Her deaf sister, Mrs. Laura Walker, and her daughter, Leona Gilispie, are residents of Detroit, and were unable to attend the funeral on account of the distance and lack of funds. Many Detroiters will remember Mrs. Gilispie as one of our social lights, and her son, daughter, sisters and father have the heart-felt sympathy of Mrs. Gilispie's many friends.

About forty-four of Detroit's representative deaf gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Jones on Saturday evening, March 10th, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Kenney, who were invited to attend a surprise party in honor of Mrs. Wells, but which turned out to be a genuine surprise party for Mrs. Thomas J. Kenney.

The occasion was Mrs. Kenney's 37th birthday, and the surprised Mrs. Kenney was presented by the delighted guests with a handsome dinner set, consisting of 100 pieces.

A swell time was had by every one present, in the usual party diversions, and after refreshments were served they all departed with a happy smile on their faces, which indicated that they were perfectly satisfied, and ready for another salutary upon some unsuspecting lucky honors. Go it, Mike.

From newspaper reports we have learned with pleasure of the signing up of Mike Boyle with the Martinsburg Baseball Club, of the Blue Ridge League. Boyle graduated from M. S. D. a few years ago, and since then has been playing professional ball. His ability as a second sacker is best known around Ohio from whence he has just come.

Chief Red Fox, a full-blooded descendant of the war-famed Sioux tribe, gave a lecture and a demonstration of the various Indian dances at the Maryland School a few days ago. The Chief is a graduate of the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., and is devoting his entire time to the lecture platform, seeking to create a public sentiment toward giving the "Native American" his rights to citizenship.

A. W.

## FREDERICK, MD.

Mr. Ray Kauffman, of Baltimore, was in Frederick on the tenth inst., wearing a deep expression of surprise. Who wouldn't be after going through the same experience. Ray with his brother-in-law were enroute to Virginia when the front wheel suddenly broke, causing the car to zig-zag, skid and finally turn over. Hence Ray was surprised to get out alive and unhurt. Ray is a fine fellow, and we were pleased to have him with us the remainder of the day till the car was fixed. For over eight years he has been working in the Williams-Wilkins Printing Co., where he has the distinction of having broken all make-up records, having made up one hundred and seventy-one pages in eight hours.

Mrs. Ignatius Bjorlee autoed to Baltimore on the twenty-eighth of February, being one of the three who rendered a musical concert at the Radio Broadcasting Station, Mrs. Bjorlee giving three violin solos. Mrs. Bjorlee's reputation as a violinist of note is well recognized here.

We are sorry to publish the sad news of the sudden death of Mr. James C. Stubbs, of this city, on the first inst. Mr. Stubbs was a former pupil of this school, and foreman of the cabinet shop from 1900 to 1914. Acute indigestion caused his death.

This clipping from the Washington Star of last summer, may prove interesting to bicycle enthusiasts. Ben's ride of 650 miles in seven days is considered all the more remarkable as it was his first long distance spin. Of late he has been studying maps of California and Florida, which has led the writer to surmise another long distance spin to California or Florida. Good luck, Ben. "Last summer Bennie Rosenberg, an eighteen year old student at the Maryland State School for the Deaf, left his home in Lonaconing, Md., on his bicycle and keeping to the Lincoln Highway reached Chicago in fine shape, making the 650 miles in seven days. He had little difficulty making the trip, and had planned to make the return trip on his bicycle, but his relatives dissuaded him, so he came back by train.

Professor Drake took the Senior Sociology class over to the asylum this week. Quite a queer place to acquire knowledge?

The student body was very much relieved not to find any one missing when the class returned. It seems as though the warden wouldn't have any of them.

Miss Elizabeth Hassett of the Junior Class is improving rapidly at the Sibley Hospital, where she underwent an operation during the first of the week.

The Buffs won the annual basketball game over the Blues. The score was 12 to 7. Its hard to say which side was the Blues after the game, which was fast and furiously fought.

It sort of reminded us of a cat and dog fight, and the floor was clean and slick after the girls got through sliding all over it.

The student body was about evenly divided in the support of the two teams, and the rooting was lively. The dean occupied the Blue section during the first half of the game, but switched over to the Buff section for the last half to show her neutrality. Too much Sandberg put the game on ice in spite of the fine effort of the Blue guards to stop her.

The line-up:

BUFFS BLUES

Sandberg F. Kannapell

Ozburn F. Hughes

Ballance C. Newton

Moss C. Dibble

Clemens G. Crump

Sotuka G. Rogers

Mr. Leonard M. Elston, the Co-eds' coach, refereed the contest.

Substitutions—McCall for Lewis, Metty for Austin, Austin for Hansen, Field goals—Winebrenner, 6; Drinks, 5;

Smith, 2; Drunks, 1; Clark, 1; Poul, 1; goals—Winebrenner, 7. Referee—Creager.

M. S. D. won its seventh straight at the expense of the Virginia State School for the Deaf on March 2d, 30-20. The passing of the Virginians was the best seen on our court this year, which is a credit to the coaching of Mr. O. W. McInturff.

Mrs. Gilispie was born at Comber, Ont., Canada, and attended the Belleville School for the Deaf for six years, and came to Michigan in 1887, and finished her schooling at the Flint School for the Deaf. She left Detroit about a year or so ago with her son, to take up her residence in Oregon.

She is survived by two sisters, her father, and a son and daughter.

Robert Gilispie, her son, was with his mother, in Medford, Oregon, while her father, Daniel Flater, and her hearing sister, Mrs.

M. S. D. has "some" team, which could give a stiff fight to any school for the deaf. To date the Marylanders, coached by Mr. Harry G. Benson, whose specialty is raising stars like Downes, Behrens, Baynes and a host of others, have played twenty-one games of which twelve were won. This is a very good record, when taking into consideration that they had to tackle strong college teams. Below is appended the results of M. S. D.'s intersectional meet.

M. S. D., 56—W. Va. State School, 6.

M. S. D., 29—Gallaudet Preps., 24.

M. S. D., 30—Va. State School, 20.

The M. S. D. now boasts of a clever chess player in the person of Michael Cohen, a Russian by birth, who came to America two years ago and entered the Maryland School about a month ago. Under the guidance of Mr. Faupel he has made rapid progress. In Baltimore he was a member of a well known chess club, where he ranked foremost, and on coming to Frederick he was eager to meet Frederick's best, so a sitting was arranged with Dr. Hammond, the title holder of hereabouts. Mike beat the veteran title holder four times, and is now after higher honors. Go it, Mike.

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### Happiness

If you would get full share of happiness out of life, you must at all times contribute happiness to others.

Meanwhile his son grew up in the care of the housekeeper. Though the boy saw little of his father, he frequently overhead his conversations and arguments. One day the housekeeper asked to speak to the lawyer. The boy had learned to swear. "You must talk to him, sir," she said.

"Send him to me," replied the lawyer.

A few minutes later father and son looked at each other. "How like my dead-and-gone Lucy the boy looks!" thought the father. He spoke sternly to the boy of his fault and then sent him away.

But the housekeeper came again and again with the same complaint. At last, seeking in desperation for some argument that would appeal to the boy, the lawyer said, "You know, my boy, that if your mother were alive she wouldn't like to hear you talk like that."

"But mother isn't alive," the boy replied glibly. "She's dead as a doornail."

The words struck to the heart of the embittered man; all his being seemed to surge up in protest against such words from the lips of his wife's son! He leaped to his feet.

"She is not dead!" he cried. "Boy, your mother is alive and hears every word you utter!" He paused and then added, "I have been a wicked fool and have spoken what is not true. Come, my boy, we'll begin again and from now on see more of each other. Let us live in a way that is worthy of her!"

And while we habitually do these absurd things, we become more and more estranged and less inclined to be reasonable.

Even while we are in these deplorable humors, Happiness stands smiling besides us, but we stubbornly refuse to put out your arms to embrace her.

And in this manner we become an eternal puzzle to ourselves and our associates.

Who among the earthly hordes can understand the human heart, always pretending to seek Content, yet looking the door when Content would enter and abide in peace?

Preaching one thing and practicing another has more to do with the cheerfulness and the gloom of the world than most of us suspect, yet many of us, wittingly or ignorantly, continue to pursue the folly without pausing to consider the result.

After all, happiness is not far away, but within our own doubting heart, and if we bemoan its loss with sincerity, all we have to do to reclaim it is to sacrifice pique and pride, and pay court to it like a passionate lover.—Clipped.

### What are the Stars?

Twinkle, twinkle, little star; how I wonder what you are," is a verse every one knows, for every one has wondered at some time about the stars. Thousands of years ago people used to worship these mysteries in the sky. They tried to study them, and the Egyptians and Arabs even kept records of what they saw, but it was Galileo's invention of the telescope in 1609 that made it possible for us to find out that these "stars" are really great suns giving out light and heat just as our own sun does.

Our sun is one of the smallest of the stars. Many of these big suns are so far away that it takes their light (which travels 186,000 miles per second) thousands of years to reach us. When you look up at a big star, remember that it is so far away that the light that comes to your eyes has been on the way thousands of years. Perhaps the star you "see" isn't there any longer at all, but its light waves started toward us years ago, and requiring thousands of years to reach us, are still coming, just as when you still hear the sound of the whistle of a train after your eyes watching the steam tell you the whistle has stopped.

So you see, stars aren't just pretty decorations in the sky, but belong to a great system in which our own sun is but a tiny part.

The air about the earth extends out only some fifty miles, and beyond that through the billions and trillions of miles of airless space, lie these millions of suns. Between them in space is what we call the ether, across which light waves, heat waves, and electrical or radio waves travel.

These stars are so far away that looking at them through the biggest telescope shows them only as specks of light. Some are younger and hotter than our sun and some are older and colder. Most of them are the centers of big systems like our own sun, with dark earths and planets moving all about them.

The wonderful thing found in studying the stars is the way law and order are everywhere. They move and are related in a very exact way, though they are spread out so far that you can't even imagine the size of the universe they move in.—Sel.

### The Lawyer's Boy

A certain lawyer who had always been a religious man denied all his early beliefs when his beautiful girl wife, whom he deeply loved, died in giving birth to a son. "What right had God to take her from me?" he cried again and again.

He became an atheist, a cynic, who delighted in assailing the faith of others. Often in argument with guests at his home he would pooh-pooh the idea of immortality. "When you're dead," he would say, "you're dead, dead as a doornail."

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### N.A.D. of course means National Association of the Deaf.

### Atlanta 1923

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JULY 7th, 1923

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MRS. H. E. GRACE, Secretary  
1096 So. Washington St., Denver, Colo.

### VAUDEVILLE GIVEN BY Men's Club

### AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street

May 19th, 1923

The following will have specialties

JOHN N. FUNK  
WM. W. W. THOMAS  
W. A. RENNER  
F. HABERSTROH  
A. PFANDLER

Admission. 35 Cents

Proceed—go to the Cos' Fund

### WATCH FOR THE

H. A. D. Bazaar

on December

12th

13th

15th

16th

1923

RESERVED FOR MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87.  
FRATERNAL SOCIETY FOR THE DEAF,  
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1923.

RESERVED FOR ST. THOMAS' MISSION TO THE DEAF  
NEWARK, N. J.

November 8, 9, 10, 1923

Saturday, Aug. 25, 1923

### RESERVED FOR NEWARK DIVISION, NO. 42

N. F. S. D.

Saturday, Aug. 25, 1923

### Meet your friends at the

### GREAT BALL

GIVEN BY

Gallaudet Club of the Deaf  
OF NEW YORK

Sat. Evening, March 24, 1923

AT THE

HARLEM CASINO

90-100 West 116th Street

NEW YORK CITY

TICKETS. - 50 CENTS

You are eligible to membership in the

National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1880 Incorporated 1900

NATIONAL IN SCOPE

NATIONAL IN UTILITY

For the general welfare of all the deaf

One dollar for the first year  
Fifty cents annually thereafter  
Ten dollars for life membership

Associate membership for persons  
not deaf

JAMES H. CLYDUD, President  
2606 Virginia Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, Sec.-Treas.  
206 E. 55th Street Chicago, Ill.

Fourteenth Triennial Na-  
tional Convention

August 13-18, 1923

ATLANTA GEORGIA

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, Secretary

Local Committee on Arrangements  
28 Welborn Street Atlanta, Ga.

JOHN H. McFARLANE, Chairman  
Convention Program Committee  
Box 168 Talladega, Ala.

KEEP FAITH WITH ATLANTA

August 13-18, 1923

### AN INVITATION TO

The National Fraternal  
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TO MEET IN DENVER

IN 1927



Denver has many of the very best hotels in America. Their rates are the most reasonable and their capacity has proven equal to all demands.

THE ADAMS

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Club rooms open every day

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Join the N. A. D. Boost a good cause!

From the best painting  
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Per Copy, \$1.00, \$3.00, \$5.00

Oil Portrait, \$75.00

PORTRAITS OF

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From the best painting  
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Per Copy, \$1.00, \$3.00, \$5.00

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April 7, 1923

RESERVED FOR

THE NEW YORK BRANCH

OF THE

NATIONAL OWLS.

RESERVED FOR

THE V. B. G. A. A.

April 21, 1923

RESERVED FOR

NEWARK DIVISION, NO. 42

N. F. S. D.

Saturday, Aug. 25, 1923

### Greater New York Branch

### OF THE

### National Association of

### the Deaf.

Organized to co-operate with the National Association in the furtherance of its stated objects. Initiation fee, \$1.50. Annual dues, \$1.00. Officers: Marion L. Kent, President, 40 West 116th Street; John H. Kent, Secretary, 511 West 148th Street; Samuel Frankelheim, Treasurer, 18 West 107th Street.

### Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat